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The Christian Socialist

The Golden Rule Against the Rule of Gold

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Second Annual Summer Meeting of Graves County, Ky., Socialists

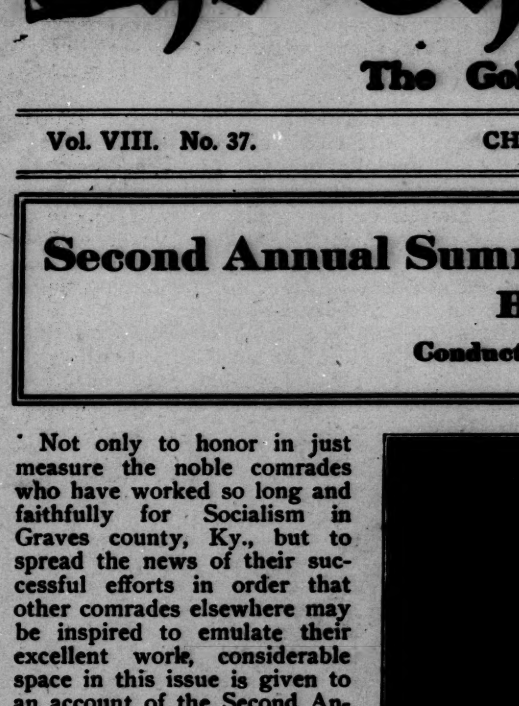
Held at Viola, July 30-August 6

Conducted by Rev. E. E. Carr and Rev. Paul H. Castle

Not only to honor in just measure the noble comrades who have worked so long and faithfully for Socialism in Graves county, Ky., but to spread the news of their successful efforts in order that other comrades elsewhere may be inspired to emulate their excellent work, considerable space in this issue is given to an account of the Second Annual Summer Meeting of the Graves County, Ky., Socialists, which were held at Viola, July 30 to August 6.

This meeting grew out of the notable series enjoyed by the Pottsville comrades last November, under the direction and lectureship of the Editor of the **Christian Socialist**, Rev. Edward Ellis Carr. During that meeting the plan of having another meeting this summer was talked over, and now the decision has been reached to have such meetings annually in that part of the county, moving them a few miles either way each summer, in order to spread their influence farther into new sections until sufficient strength is realized to build a substantial tabernacle and locate permanently for annual Socialist camp-meetings.

The meetings of 1911 were again in charge of Editor Carr. As it was deemed best to hold two meetings each day, Rev. Paul H. Castle, late minister of the Christian (Disciples) church at Carterville, Ill., was secured to assist.



Rev. Edward Ellis Carr

Comrade Castle is a handsome, intellectual, whole-souled man, well-versed in scientific Socialism as well as in the Bible, and his lectures greatly delighted the people—all the more because his style is quiet and didactic, while Comrade Carr's is fiery and hortatory. Castle is a fine teacher, Carr throws out dynamite. Castle's lectures are like "summer lightning," quiet, beautiful, pleasant and illuminating; Carr's like a thunderstorm, sweeping obstructions aside, shooting terrific thunderbolts at error and wrong, flooding the soil with refreshing emotional rain, and leaving a clearer, healthier atmosphere. Castle was engaged for the purpose of resting Carr; the result was also to rest the audience and afford a most happy combination of lectures differing radically in style yet agreeing perfectly in substance.

We can heartily recommend Rev. Paul H. Castle to any comrades desiring able Socialist lectures.

The Viola Socialist Audience at Dinner

A Beautiful Arbor

The meetings at Viola were held in a fine woodland near the railroad station, which afforded ample opportunity for teams and wagons to shelter in the shade and gave large space for the people to wander at length among the trees.

A strong framework of stout posts was built with rafters of rustic poles and for the roof masses of fresh-cut leafy bows were used, making an attractive shelter from the sun. The arbor was seated with boards and a large platform afforded room for the organ, choir, speakers and a score of the older comrades. Altogether it was a delightful place for a meeting—when there was no rain.

Meetings in the Church

When the weather was too damp for outdoor meetings the church, owned by different denominations and independent individuals, was available; and it was thought best to hold all the night sessions in the church. Some of the more bigoted church members objected to the church being desecrated by Socialist meetings, but the broader-minded people were too many for them, therefore the Socialists held unmolested sway for seven nights.

Large Crowds

For a farming community the attendance was very large. The only merchant at Viola said there were more people there that week than ever before in the same length of time. In spite of a rainy morning, four hundred people attended the first meeting and more in the afternoon. From two to four hundred attended every week afternoon and over four hundred were on hand at night. On the last Sunday, although it rained and was very threatening during the morning, six hundred were at the morning session and eight hundred at the afternoon meeting.

A Communistic Meal

Some idea of the size and general appearance of the crowd may be obtained from the sectional views herewith printed. On each Sunday the people brought dinner baskets and invited all who were unprovided to eat with them. To save time for an earlier afternoon meeting and to prevent some having to wait too long, the people did not sit down to eat, but spread the richly-laden plates upon tablecloths stretched upon the grass in long rows. After grace had been said, all the people were invited to help themselves. They came to the feast and took what they could in their hands, then

(Continued on third page)

Rev. Paul H. Castle

The Short Story

BROKEN HEARTS

By Benjamin Keech

"But, Hope, why, won't you marry me?"

"Well, Victor, I will tell you frankly. It is harder to get along these days than it used to be. The cost of living is much higher, and even the most careful poor families find it a great struggle just to exist. Opportunities for culture and travel are out of the question. It isn't any fun to toil all your days just to appear well outwardly when you really feel miserable. If I've got to be unhappy, I prefer to suffer by my lonesome."

The young man sighed as he thoughtfully regarded this brave little woman. In his heart he knew she was right, but he said: "Hope, you make a fellow discouraged. I am willing to work for you. I have health, a good job, and a determination to succeed. Hadn't you better change your mind?"

But she shook her head. "No," she replied, "the risk is too great. From what I've seen, there is nothing so souring and blighting as poverty. Why, right in this neighborhood there are two young married couples who started out in life with the highest hopes; but now they are discouraged and cranky, and forced to do work entirely uncongenial to them. Sickness, lack of work, and debt have caused every hopeful feeling to flee. Do you want to sink to this dead level of daily grind—you, with your talents? I have a good mind, too, and can appreciate the best things of life. If I were married, I couldn't even read, unless I neglected something."

He did not reply, and she continued:

"Then there's another thing—the children. If I should have any, I'd want them to have equal opportunities with the most fortunate child. Otherwise, I wouldn't want any. Victor, I don't forget my own hampered childhood, especially my school days. I had to give up everything. One of my schoolmates was Iona Crusher, daughter of Hardmann Crusher of the Crusher cotton mills. Iona wasn't even bright—had to copy her examples from the other girls—but she made you feel your place, and all on account of her money. You know father was killed in her father's factory—worked there ten years, and gave Mr. Crusher some patents—but mother lost what little money we had trying to recover damages, which, of course, the courts didn't give her, she being a poor woman. And, Victor, I can not help but feel, whenever I go past Iona's beautiful brown stone residence, that father helped pay for it."

"He did," said Victor, "in form of profit, which Mr. Crusher divided from your father's earnings."

Hope nodded. "And so you see," she continued, "why I don't want to get married—yet. If I should have a little girl who loved music as much as I did, I'd feel horrid if I couldn't give her lessons. Anyway, my first duty is by my mother; I can get a living by helping her take in washings—while Iona sails round in her auto and sneers at us. You have your mother to look out for, too, and you know you might lose your job any time. No, I prefer to suffer alone. I am alone, too, except for mother and miserly old Aunt Faith, whom I've never seen."

"Then there is absolutely no hope for me?" said Victor, without meaning to pun. "Well, I don't thank the voters who helped to make me an old bachelor."

"I'm very sorry, Vic," she said. "If either of us were richer, or there were better conditions ahead, I might give you a different answer. It is very discouraging that humanity has got into such a hopeless rut. I used to think that Christianity could cure every evil on earth, and maybe it could, yet, if it were only applied."

"You talk like a Socialist," said Victor, "and that reminds me: I have a Socialist paper here with me; I will leave it with you to read, if you wish. The man who gave it to me said it contained the key to the solution of all our social, economic and industrial problems, but I am too discouraged to read anything."

"Oh, Vic, don't say that!" said Hope, as she took the paper, and he rose to leave. "Who knows—maybe there's a brighter day ahead! Maybe this very Socialism is what we're all longing for, but don't know it."

"It is," said Victor, "but the very ones who would benefit by it the most oppose it the worst. Oh, if the enlightened rich could only see the good in it, and use their wealth to educate the masses! Well, good bye, Hope."

"Good bye, Victor," she said, then added, to herself, "and God guide you, my dear boy." She watched him as he walked dejectedly down the street, and wondered why fate had made such a wretched jumble of their lives.

She went into the plain but neat little parlor, sat down under the gas jet and unfolded the paper which her lover had given her. A marked paragraph caught her glance; she read it, and her eyes brightened. "That sounds good," she thought. "I believe this is the truth I've been waiting for. I will read it all attentively."

* * * * * * *

Through the wistful twilight shadows Victor Warren walked back to his boarding place. The evening church bells were chiming, but the old feeling of peace and comfort which they used to bring was gone—only distrust and bitterness filled him now, and he wondered, vaguely, whether God had forsaken the world which He created and pronounced "good."

The gray, slushy snow, tramped by so many discouraged feet, made him homesick for the peaceful, white-covered hills of his boyhood home, where, even now, his mother, a frail, gentle, old lady, was helping support herself by needlework. Up to his twenty-third year Victor and his mother had lived together. They were devoted chums, but through competition in his work Victor had been forced to seek his fortune in the city.

He had succeeded fairly well, and his mother was proud of him, but the separation hurt her cruelly. She ought not to have worked at all. She was growing old, and tired, and longed for rest. The gentle form grew more bent as she went about her tasks. Victor longed to do more for her, and intended to, as soon as he got a raise.

But a new, bewildering influence had come into his life. He had fallen in love with dainty Hope Bergen, and he longed to make her his wife. He hoped, by great industry and economy, to support both her and his mother. But so far, his plans had failed. He wondered what there was in life for him now.

"I suppose Hope was right," he muttered, as he opened the door of his cold, dreary room. "Well, I'm glad I never voted for this heart-breaking, home-breaking system which even prevents people from marrying. It's no wonder young people go bad!"

A telegram on the stand caught his eyes. It read: "Mother is dead. Heart disease. Overwork and exposure."

A desolate week dragged by. On his return to the city from the funeral he learned that the factory in which he worked had been destroyed by fire, throwing thousands of men out of employment. The workers in two other important industries were on a strike; all the other factories were full. Victor could not return home, for the little house and lot had been sold under mortgage. Hardmann Crusher owned it now.

He walked the streets, looking for work. His money was getting low, and his landlady warned him that when he could not pay up he must "get out." Often his thought turned to Hope, and once he went to call on her. But her rooms were closed; some one told him she had left the city.

At length the limit of his resources was reached. Cold and hungry, he saw his last cent go; and, thoroughly despondent, he resolved to end his life, which, under better conditions, he knew could have been so fortunate and happy.

So he sat down to his stand and wrote:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"Suicides are one of the products of our present inhuman profit system. For no man will kill himself when he is hopeful, and he can not be that when forced to give up every pleasure to spend his days in ceaseless toil to support—his masters! No matter how good or innocent you may be, if you are poor, you have to take a back seat, while the corrupt and guilty-minded occupy the reserved ones. Talk about anarchy!—we are living under it now! For what could be more lawless than our present system of misrule?

"Any man who will vote for this system of murder of little children, spoilation of young girls and exploitation of the brokendown and broken-hearted ought to be too ashamed to look himself or his family in the face. For every time you vote a capitalist ticket—either Republican or Democrat—you put yourself on record not only as favoring but helping murder, suicide, robbery and all the other hellish crimes of capitalism. Socialism, scientific Christianity, or the Golden Rule put in power is the cure for all this trouble. Oh, you blind and deaf, wake up, and vote for your own interests, next time!

"One of the victims of the system,

"V. Warren."

As he sat rereading his note a knock sounded at the door. He frowned, then putting the note in his pocket, called out, "Come in!"

The door opened and Hope entered. She looked very adorable with her black-plumed hat shading her brown curls.

"Excuse me for coming," she said, "but it's been three weeks since I've seen you—I've been out of town—and I'm kind of lonesome. Besides, I've got some good news for you."

"What is it, Hope?" he asked, wondering whether she had heard his bad news.

"I'm a Socialist," she dimpled. "That paper you gave me, with some other things I've read, has converted me. I now see the way out of our troubles. If we can get Socialism soon enough maybe——"

"Maybe you'll marry me?" he asked, reverently.

"Yes," she blushed, "and by the signs of the times it isn't more than six years away. But if it doesn't come that soon, we'll surely get a pension by the time we're old. For that's one of the "dreadful" things that Socialism will bring."

"Very true," said Victor, thinking of his mother, and wishing she could have had one.

"And just as likely as not my children can take music lessons and never be snubbed by any one."

"They shall never be snubbed," said Victor.

"And neither shall you," said Hope, "for listen to the rest of my news. My Aunt Faith, whom I mentioned to you, has recently died. She was quite wealthy, and I am her only relation. The lady in your arms, Victor, who used to help her mother wash and iron can now count her money in six figures; and she and her husband are going to spend all their surplus pennies—and time—working for Socialism. For that's the best way to spend money these days."

"But, Hope, I don't deserve all this," said Victor thinking of the note in his pocket, and feeling thoroughly ashamed. "I——"

"Oh, yes, you do!" interrupted Hope. "You converted me to Socialism, which is the greatest favor one person can do another. I find that Socialists are working not only for the immediate relief of the exploited, but for generations yet unborn."

"That's right," said, Victor, giving her an adoring look. "The only way to get any of the good things you need is to get Socialism."

ADVERTISING

In order to support the Weekly Christian Socialist it will be necessary to accept some advertising. And it is a very difficult proposition for us, with our limited financial ability, to investigate and determine the absolute reliability of all advertisers. We will exclude all stock-jobbing, patent medicine and other evidently unworthy advertisements; but we must advise our readers to make sure for themselves in advance the genuineness of the articles or enterprises in which they wish to invest.

No Socialist paper, or any other, can guarantee its advertisements until it obtains large capital to back its investigations and a large circulation and large advertising patronage to justify the outlay.

SECOND ANNUAL SUMMER MEETING

(Continued from first page)

stepped back and ate and talked together among the trees, returning as they wished for more. Thus all were privileged to eat at "the first table" and the entire crowd was able to finish in one-fourth the time it would have taken by the usual method.

And the provisions—enough for a regiment—chicken, fried, baked and boiled; beef, mutton and ham; vegetables of all kinds, and pies and cakes until one wondered when it would all be eaten up. But several hundred people can speedily conceal a lot of foodstuffs—and what Carr and Castle did to that fried chicken would be a shame to tell. (Somehow it tasted different from the cold storage stuff they have in cities.)

Charles L. Horney

During the last Sunday dinner a photographer took the pictures shown herewith, but the camera could only reproduce a part of the crowd and the people hid most of the dinner (before they ate it) standing for the picture. There were about six hundred and fifty people at dinner.

The picture showing the audience seated

Robert Boswell

gives only the center section. Between eight and nine hundred people were present. Comrade Carr, against a white background of muslin stretched behind the platform, is lecturing vigorously, without coat or vest in the heat, and was caught unawares in a characteristic attitude. (See page seven.)

The Impression Made

Coming every day for miles around and hearing the message of scientific Socialism from many different viewpoints, being startled by the marvelous corroboration of Socialist principles found all through the Bible, and enjoying the thrilling "Songs of Socialism" from Moyers' great book, the people were very deeply impressed and many were convinced. And amidst all was the wonderful spirit of happy, hearty, loving fellowship which made the week memorable to many. There is more enthusiasm for next year's meeting than there was for any of the others, the success of the plan being now fully demonstrated and the joy of the work having deepened.

The Finances

All human enterprises must have an economic base and money is necessary with which to carry on such work. At the meetings both at Pottsville and Viola there were no efforts made to raise the expense money in advance. The money came in at the two Sunday meetings upon a statement of the case and a call for pledges. Four people gave $10 each, some gave $5 and others gave $2, or $1, and then a hat collection was taken for smaller amounts aggregating about $150. We would advise the comrades everywhere to get as many pledges in advance as possible and not take the risk of bad weather on the last Sunday. From $100 to $200 will finance a meeting of this sort, depending upon whether there is one speaker or two, whether there is a professional singer, as there should always be, and how much railroad fare must be paid. If meetings are to be held both day and night, there should be two speakers and a singer employed.

Local People

Of course the most important element involved in a successful meeting is the character of the local people. A farming community is one of the best, because the people are, as a rule, honest, whole-souled, single-minded and intelligent, and they are glad to have something worth while to attend. In the larger towns too many cheap, silly vaudeville and moving picture shows prevent the people from attending to more serious matters and so degrade them.

That section of Graves county about Pottsville, Boaz, Viola and Hickory Grove is blest with some of the noblest and most earnest comrades, both men and women, it was ever the writer's privilege to meet; and we are sorry that it is impossible for us to enshrine the names and biographies of each and every one of them in deathless history. But

"Their names are whispered in the abode of God,"

and their reward will be bounteous and sure. We can only present the names and likenesses of a few of the local leaders at this time.

Charles L. Horney's life might well be made the basis of a winning romance of quiet unassuming sacrifice and service to his mother and to the cause of human progress. Engaged to be married to a noble woman for fifteen years, the blessedness was put off at his mother's wish until now, when he is past middle life and her youth is gone, they have just entered into the joy so long delayed. During all these years, in season and out of season, without regard to business success, he has advocated the most radical reforms, adopting Socialism and proclaiming it so persistently and wisely that many have been converted by his efforts. Some who were worsted in argument at his country store would vow to read up on Socialism, for and against, and then "come back" and beat him. But those who took the pains to "read up" very much always ended by becoming Socialists. Thus the good cause spread. As Comrade Horney was one of the earliest and most active Socialists in Graves county, his comrades desired him to center the picture in the grove. His aged mother, also an ardent Socialist "looking for the coming of the Kingdom," stands nearly in front of him. She is a noble old soul, and she rode about three miles to attend the Socialist meetings at Viola almost every day, remaining for the night sessions. Such mothers are worth having.

Comrade Horney polled about 1,400 votes for Congress in his district last year and the prospect is brighter ahead.

"Lafe" Nance is known far and wide as a self-sacrificing and indefatigable Socialist worker and his highly intelligent and faithful wife is "like unto him." The writer will never forget the deep comfort, joy and love experienced in their home during the Pottsville meeting; and though they lived four miles from the Viola meeting they were the most

Lafe Nance

active workers in that connection. Around them they have gathered a group of comrades whose love and loyalty would be an honor to any cause. "The Pottsville gang," as the comrades call them, are "always on the job," and "they all" "sure do" make things go.

Comrade Nance doubtless expected the editor to use his letter merely as a source of information for this "write up," but as his letter affords such a true and natural glimpse of the processes by which a man is evolved into a real "progressive" and has such a rich, native flavor which would be lost by paraphrasing, we present his letter as it came:

Comrade Carr:

You ask for photos of myself and wife, when I became converted and a few points about my work in the movement. To give you a sixteen years' struggle would take too much time and space, but I will give a brief sketch.

I was converted about '94 or '95 through the efforts of Tom Scopes (whom I will always love for the interest he took in me) by reading "Looking

Mrs. L. Nance

Backward," "Merrie England," "Human Drift" and other books. Also the Coming Nation, for which I was agent in Paducah, Ky. We then organized the B. C. C., and a little later we organized a branch of the Social Democracy. This was in April, 1898; following this our literature was changed by a German Jew named Rosenblatt (a hobo cigarmaker), so we became more scientific and organized a section of the S. L. P. About 1899, Scopes and I were delegates to the S. L. P. state convention at Louisville, Ky., and put out a city ticket in Paducah the same year.

The latter part of the same year I was elected as delegate from Paducah lodge, B. B. C. of A., to the St. Louis National Constitution Convention (paid my own expenses). I was armed with a full set of Socialist resolutions, but they were every one killed in the convention. A month or two later I lost my job in I. C. R. R. shops, perhaps on account of my agitation, went to Pottsville, Graves county, Kentucky, and started the movement under the most adverse circumstances. But while I was in Paducah about 1897 or 1898 (we were all colonizationists then), I succeeded in converting my wife and brother and an uncle, of Graves county. About this time four members of Ruskin Colony came to my house and stayed in the house with me two weeks. Their names, as I remember, were A. S. Edwards, Guy Lockwood, Joe Beardsley and Garken. We tried to convert the town by singing, playing and lecturing every night on the steps of the P. O., but we failed. The comrades helped to bear the expenses while they were at my house. Just after that we thought we would give Paducah a practical demonstration, so about seven families pooled their interests according to size of family and started a cooperative kitchen at my house. We hired a cook and each comrade's wife had one day in the week to superintend the kitchen. We ran one month, and on account of inconvenience of house and locality we disbanded. Then I came to the country and, from what I can learn, I cast the first Socialist vote in Graves county by writing the name of Comrade Fritz Metzger of Paducah across my ballot for Congress. My last capitalist vote was for Bryan and Watson, and I am still kicking myself for that; but in a year or two we cast three votes at Pottsville; next year nine, next year 17, and last year 24. And about ten years ago Comrade Horney started the movement at Boaz and has kept up a hot fight ever since. So last fall we cast 273 votes in the county. Every precinct and every ward having voted one or more.

I had long felt the need of a book or paper from which I could push the movement from a Christian viewpoint, and about five or six years ago along came a Russian Jew hobo and comrade. He stayed at my house two or three days and was a bright fellow in his own language, but broken in English. We persuaded him to make a couple of speeches, but on account of his brogue he did not do much good. In our conversation I spoke of wanting some kind of a Christian advocate of Socialism, so he put me on to the **Christian Socialist**, and from that time on it has been smooth sailing.

A year ago I went back to Paducah and helped to organize the Debs lecture; I was elected chairman of the meeting, and will always feel honored and grateful to the comrades of Paducah. It was the biggest hit of Paducah. I shall never forget the night after the lecture was over, when I took Comrade Debs back to his room at the Palmer House. This was the most trying time of my life. We were alone. How we clasped each other around the neck, bade each other good-bye with the profoundest sobs and tears and prayed that we might meet again in the grand and glorious Co-Operative Commonwealth. It never fails to bring tears to my eyes when I think of this separation.

After this meeting I came back to the country, and with Comrade Robert Boswell, my wife, and others organized the first Carr meeting at Pottsville. Not being able to get a church, we held the meeting in my tobacco barn, and it was the opening wedge of the biggest campaign ever inaugurated. Last winter I was elected county chairman, called a convention and nominated a ticket of red card Socialists.

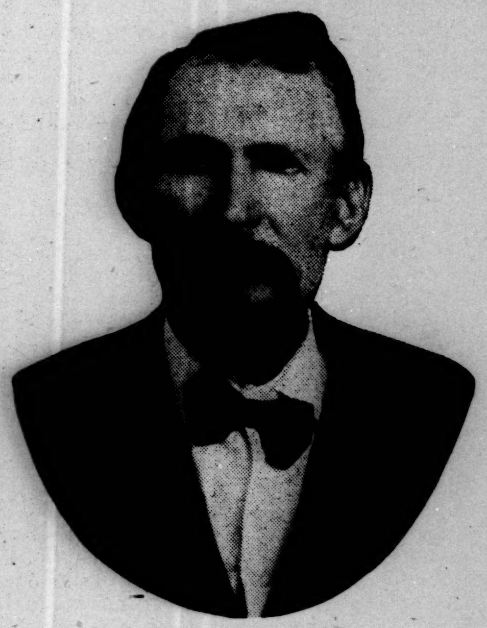
A few weeks back the comrades of Pottsville and Boaz organized the Carr-Castle camp meeting, which has just ended with glorious success. **I would like to see comrades everywhere organize meetings of the same kind. If you have never heard the Gospel preached from a workingman's viewpoint you don't know what Christ was on earth for. Comrades, this is the way to make Socialists.** Graves is the largest county in the state, but we are going to see that it is the first in line.

Say, Comrade Carr, I know you are tired of this. It is so long, and yet there are a thousand other things I should have mentioned in the way of noble converts. I am not the whole thing, by any means; but if you had been through the struggle as we have, met the discouragement, laid awake nights, tempted to quit the movement; but next mail we would be startled by a Hazleton catastrophe, an Idaho bullpen, four hundred men sealed up in a burning mine to save property, an Iroquois theater fire, or two hundred shirtwaist makers burned in a profit fire trap. **My God, how could we quit. No. No. Never.** We will bring the Co-Operative Commonwealth or die in the attempt. Good-bye, Lafe Nance.

Robert Boswell, though suffering for years from ill-health, is one of the most intelligent, loving and persistent workers for Socialism in that country, and a royal soul to have for a friend. Our request for a photo and some points with reference to his work brought the following letter, which gives a glimpse of the inside of his heart while stating the outward facts. The biggest and best thing about the work and fellowship of these Kentucky comrades is the **heart** they put into it—and **head**, too, for you will see by the list of books Boswell names that becoming a real Socialist is not

"The drowsy pastime of a summer day."

The average Socialist has read more books on



Uncle Ed. Nance

economics and other modern sciences than the average Republican or Democrat ever saw.

In the year 1907, Comrade Lafe Nance asked me if I would read a Socialist paper. I readily said yes, and he sent me the Appeal to Reason for a year. I read each issue as they came to me. I had not read more than six months until I could see there was something seriously wrong with the existing order of society. In the fall of the same year, Comrade Nance insisted on me reading a few books on the subject of Socialism, but requested me to read "Looking Backward" by Edward Bellamy first, and I did so. **After finishing this book I was ready to take up any work on the Socialist philosophy.** The next book was "Merrie England" by Robert Blachford. When I finished this little ten cent book I was a class-conscious Socialist. Not satisfied, I tried to read "Woman Under Socialism" by August Bebel, but failed the first time, and laid it back for a year, and commenced reading "The Struggle for Existence" by Walter Thomas Mills. When I finished this book, I read Bebel through. Then I read "Ancient Society" by Morgan. Securing the Life, Writings and Speeches of E. V. Debs, I read it through the

Aunt Jo Nance

second time. In the year 1908 I read the New York Weekly People, and in the fall voted for Gillhouse, a proxy for William Preston on the Socialist Labor Party ticket. Two years later, 1910, I voted for C. L. Horney for Congressman of the first Congressional District of Kentucky on the Socialist Party ticket.

In my earlier struggles in the Socialist movement I bought books out of my own pocket by unlimited quantities and handed them out to non-Socialists to read and gave my papers to others to read. I then began to get club orders for as many books as possible, and have ordered as high as a hundred at a time. I took subscriptions for every Socialist paper I can get; for the Appeal to Reason, **Christian Socialist**, Rip Saw, Wilshire's Magazine and the International Socialist Review, and bought books from Charles H. Kerr & Co. In the fall of 1908 I started reading the **Christian Socialist** and had not read it very long until I thought it was one of the grandest papers on earth. Through reading this paper I fell in love with the Editor and the Contributing Editors. So Comrade Lafe Nance and I decided we would try and get Rev. E. E. Carr to come and hold a series of lectures for our people at Pottsville. He did so on the 13th of November, 1910, in a tobacco barn, and it was more than a success. We also decided before he left to have another one the following year in July, 1911, and it was pulled off at Viola, Ky., on the 30th of July, 1911, under a bush arbor made by the collective power of the comrades of Boaz and Pottsville. It has been decided beyond a doubt, even by non-Socialists outside of the movement, that it was one of the grandest meetings ever held of its kind in western Kentucky.

In conclusion, I want to say I am an uncompromising Socialist and expect to do all I can for the cause until the wage worker is freed from industrial slavery and he reaches the emancipation of economic freedom, and that will be the Co-Operative Commonwealth, when all mankind will be free.

Yours for the Revolution,

J. R. Boswell.

Two of the most enthusiastic and faithful Socialists in Graves county are "Uncle Ed" and "Aunt Jo" Nance. They were both converted to Socialism through the efforts of Lafe Nance by means of the **Christian Socialist**; for they did not take to the idea of giving up their religious faith, joy and hope for a purely materialistic Socialism "without God and without hope in the world." Uncle Ed's first wife, "Aunt Phoebe," a sister to Aunt Jo, who was the widow of Uncle Ed's brother, was also converted to Socialism and her gravestone in the little country churchyard has chiseled upon it the glorious title **Christian Socialist.** Thus she still bears witness of her faith in the great cause.

Uncle Ed and Aunt Jo, now more than seventy-five years of age, drove seven miles to the Viola meeting, going home in the dark and sometimes in the rain, almost every night. How they did enjoy the meeting and how they did glory in its success. They are a royal pair, true children of the King. Their names are engraved on our soul. May God bless them forever in time and

"While the years of eternity roll."

Truly, comrades, the grandest combination on earth is real Christian Socialism. It has "the promise of the life that now is and also of the life that is to come," and carries in its heart the double joy of love to God and love to man.

How the Meetings Struck Castle

I wish to add a word in testimony to the wonderful value of Socialist camp meetings. It was my first experience, and I truly hope it will not be my last, especially in Kentucky. Were it not for the fact that Kentucky's hospitality has long ago become proverbial, I should be tempted to dwell upon this feature of the meetings. However, I must say that my experience in the Viola meeting demonstrated that Kentucky is able to make good her reputation for hospitality, and then some.

I am thoroughly convinced that the camp meeting or Chautauqua plan of Socialist meetings for the farming communities is the very best method of propaganda. Here is a vast, rich and yet undeveloped field, and if we are wise we will seize the opportunity and capture the rural districts for Socialism.

I feel impelled, in justice to our great cause, to speak of the inestimable service of Comrade E. E. Carr in his Socialist sermons to the churches. Our meeting in Viola convinced me that Comrade Carr is the modern John, the Baptist, crying out in the wilderness of capitalism, giving the message of the ancient prophets and apostles its modern application in words of living fire, calling upon a mammon influenced church to repent and accept the Kingdom of Heaven which is now at hand.

In his masterful addresses are the thunders of Sinai, on the one hand, and the gentleness of the Sermon on the Mount on the other. While he speaks with the inspiration of religious zeal, he is none the less clear on the fundamentals of scientific Socialism. If there had remained any doubt in my mind on this point

(Continued on page six.)

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NEW STORY CONTEST

Already some have sent in their stories intended for the prize contest. Carefully read the prize story offer elsewhere and go to work, if you think you can write an acceptable story. All copy for this contest must be at our office by December 1—the sooner the better, when you get it thoroughly finished. The more severely you cut and polish and re-write your story the larger its chance of winning a prize.

The report of the Viola meetings in this number makes good and encouraging reading for Socialists and for those who are not. Comrade, see that all the "near" Socialists in your community and all the more earnest Christians receive a copy of this issue. Order a bundle soon or they will all be gone. 1c per copy.

Comrades, from Maine to California, from Florida to Canada, even from Alaska to Australia and New Zealand, why can you not arrange for a meeting of eight days' duration similar to the one held at Viola? **Capture the country people for Socialism.** Such meetings will do it.

STATE COMMITTEE OF MAINE DEMANDS REINSTATEMENT OF CARR

State Headquarters Socialist Party of Maine
Thomaston, Sept. 6, 1911.

To the Delegate Committee of the Socialist Party, Local Cook County, Ill.:

Comrades—At their regular meeting, held Sept. 3, 1911, the State Executive Committee of Maine adopted unanimously, the following:

Resolutions

We, members of the State Executive Committee of Maine, enter our emphatic protest against the action of your committee, in expelling Comrade E. E. Carr for simply informing the party membership, through columns of **The Christian Socialist**, of corruption at National Headquarters and of charges and the evidence against National Secretary Barnes. If members are to be expelled for critizing our officials or for printing evidence against them, we might as well have a dictator and be done with it.

Comrades of Local Cook County, we urge you to reconsider your hasty and illadvised action and to reinstate Comrade Carr to full party membership.

(Signed) A. L. Young,
L. E. Bramhall,
H. S. Hobbs,
Alice M. West,
L. J. Hills.

CHRIST AND CONSTRUCTION

(In three parts.)

Part Third: The Heaven of Christ

"Though we break our Father's promise we have nobler duties first.
The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed.
Man is more than constitutions. Better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to church and state while we're doubly false to God."

Man is the heart of the created universe. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." Construction of things material is immaterial save for the man spiritual. Save as they serve mankind things are thugs, highwaymen, burglars and assassins. The material is a means to an end, not the end itself. To bend the spiritual to a material end is to assault, to hold up, to steal, or perchance to will.

Inventions, centuries and men come and go. Man remains. Those things are useless and those men are unavailing that do not minister to man's increase. THINGS ARE NO GOOD IF THEY PAVE NO ROAD AND MEN ARE OF LITTLE WORTH IF THEY DO NOT GUIDE THE WAY TO SOME DIVINE TRANSFIGURATION OF THE HUMAN MIND OR SOME DIVINE ASCENSION OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

The mastery of mind over matter, turning and twisting it to obedience, has given us a machine age. The age must not be allowed to make man into a machine or the culmination of our period will be an anti-climax.

THE SOUL OF MAN MUST MASTER ALL MANNER OF MATTER. The condition of the soul is, however, concerned with the conditions of the body. Chaos in the soul does not make for order in the home. Division in the civic soul does not make for advancement in the city. Torture in the social soul does not make for culture in society.

THE HEAVEN OF JESUS COULD BE CONSTRUCTED ON EARTH. It was not a place up, or beyond, or anywhere. It was a state of mind and soul. The kingdom "is within you." When we say "Our Father who art in heaven" we do not locate God geographically, but spiritually. We do not pray to Him as to one up in the sky as contrasted to our being on earth. We do pray to Him as to one in perfect peace and power as contrasted to our fretting and incompetence.

THE PEACE OF GOD MEANS AT PEACE WITH GOOD. It makes the soul superior to material conditions even though they be disgusting. BUT IT DOES NOT MEAN AT PEACE WITH THE BAD OR WITH DISGUSTING CONDITIONS. It does not mean that you must allow, or that you can be contented to allow, those conditions to remain disgusting. Even The Holy City will need a street-cleaning department if any filth remains.

Physiology is not as important as psychology. Bodies are less important than souls. Body-killers are less important than soul-killers. Quick murder is not as bad for either the victim or society as long drawn out torture with its ceaseless mental agony. Body conditions are important only because they involve soul conditions.

Body death rates are reduced by perfecting conditions of physical health. Soul death rates can be reduced by perfecting conditions of physical health. Perfect health in the body makes a physical heaven. Perfect health in the soul will make a spiritual heaven. Such a heaven can be constructed on earth. To build such a heaven is the climax of construction.

Laws of physical hygiene and sanitation force better conditions of body health even before the beneficiaries understand the happiness involved and while they struggle in evasion. Laws of psychical hygiene and sanitation, such as Socialism teaches, will force better conditions of soul health even on beneficiaries not capable, at first, of understanding the happiness involved.

Earthly laws are compelling tenements for human bodies to have so many cubic feet of space and so many square feet of ventilation. HEAVENLY LAWS DEMAND THAT THE TENEMENTS OF HUMAN SOULS SHALL HAVE SO MANY CUBIC HOURS OF LEISURE AND SO MANY SQUARE FEET OF CULTURE WHICH COMES FROM MENTAL VENTILATION.

Sterilize the spiritual surroundings as you now do the physical. Kill the germs of soul death as you now do of body death. Swat the sweatshops as you now swat flies. Destroy the cause of social hate and envy as you now hunt the breeding places of the mosquito. So shall the heaven of Christ become a heaven for tired humanity and we will be able to speak not only of "Our Father who art in heaven," but of our Father's children who are also in heaven on earth.

THIS IS CHRISTIANITY. But Christians are wondering how to do it. THIS IS SOCIALISM. Socialists KNOW how to do it. When Socialists teach Christians how to realize the teachings of Christ and the dearest desires of their own hearts, the battle will be over. Capitalism will hand over the key to the sons of men. The average man will rule in the land. The greatest among us will be not the one who has the most, but the one who serves the most.

MANY THOUSANDS OF CHRISTIANS ARE OPENING THEIR EYES TO THIS TRUTH AS IT IS CONSTANTLY TAUGHT BY THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST. Many thousands more of Christian people are tossing in their sleep. We must wake them up.

Mental conception must precede manual construction.

Mental construction must precede spiritual construction.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST is educating the Christian thought of America. It is revealing the Christ and the possible construction of his heaven on earth to the Christian people of this land. IT IS THE BIGGEST PROPOSITION EVER MADE. EVERY SOCIALIST SHOULD HELP. This is no call of self-profit. It is the call of humanity's great need that solicits your assistance. Let all Socialists join in for the purpose of maintaining the weekly edition. Help **THE CHRISTIAN SOCIALIST** to do this and **THE CHRIS-**

TIAN SOCIALIST will help to construct the heaven of Christ and humanity on earth more speedily.

Surely you can raise $6.00 among your comrades to send FORTY three-month subscriptions to the **Christian Socialist** to FORTY DIFFERENT PEOPLE you may select. You cannot invest Socialist money better. Do it now.

Are you one of those who are brave enough and willing to pledge a new annual subscriber every month for twelve months at $1.00 each? That is not hard. Thousands of our subscribers could do it—only a few hundred will. **Are you one of the live ones?** Write us about it now.

A FINE BOOK CHEAP

Christianity and the Social Crisis, by (Rev.) Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, Professor of Church History in Rochester Theological Seminary, is now being published in a 50c. edition that is a surprise of printers' and publishers' art for the money. It is not in board covers, as we recently announced by being misinformed, but is neatly bound in cloth, printed in clear type on good paper. It appears almost as well as the $1.50 edition.

Including postage, this great book may be had for 60c. cash, or (on request) for two annual subscriptions to the **Christian Socialist;** that is, $2.00 for the book and two yearly subscriptions.

FOUR PRIZES FOR STORIES

The success of our Spring prize story contest warrants us in holding another. There will be four prizes this time. Note the terms and rules carefully.

The first prize will be $20, the second $15, the third $10, the fourth $5.00. For each story acceptable, which does not win one of the four main prizes, we will give a subscription to the **Christian Socialist** for one year.

This contest is open to both men and women of all ages. The conditions are as follows:

1. The story must be clearly adapted to the **Christian Socialist.**
2. It must not be less than 1,000 nor more than 3,000 words long.
3. It must be written in English on good white paper, on one side of the paper only, with a typewriter, or in plain, large handwriting with ink, leaving ample space between the lines.
4. The novelty and striking interest of the plot, the orthographical, grammatical and rhetorical perfection of the language, the sentiment, and the dramatic skill with which the story is set forth will be the four main points upon which the judgment will be rendered.
5. All manuscripts for this contest must be at the **Christian Socialist** office not later than December 1. The sooner the better after you have worked your story over the best you can. Work it over and over and rewrite it several times before you call it "done," if you are an amateur writer.
6. The Chicago members of the Board of Directors of the **Christian Socialist,** who constitute the regular Editorial Committee, will be the judges of these stories. And their labor of reading and discussing these manuscripts will be sufficient to entitle them to claim for use in the paper any story which may not be deemed one of the three very best, but which is worthy of publication. The manuscripts not considered suitable for publication in our paper will be returned to their owners.

BECOME A STOCKHOLDER

We would like for every reader of the **Christian Socialist** to become a **shareholder** in the **Co-Operative Printing Co.,** which publishes the paper, and become a part of the concern. This would enable you to be present at the **annual meeting,** either in **person** or by **proxy,** to vote on **all matters** there considered, including the **election of Directors.** To encourage you to do so, we offer to all **stockholders** the **Christian Socialist** and all books which we produce at **50 per cent discount.** And for a limited time we will make the following offer:

1 share of Stock	**$10**
Ten yearly sub-cards	**10**
Total	**$20**
All for	**$14**

If you wish twenty regular (not special) six-month sub-cards in place of ten yearlies on this offer, all right.

The Christian Socialist, 56 E. Randolph St., Chicago.

For Young Crusaders

Conducted by M. Kathryn Spiers, 901 W. Main St., Richmond, Va.

THE ACADEMY BELL

By Margaret Sangster in Woman's Home Companion

The rich air is sweet with the breath of September,
The sumac is staining the hedges with red;
Soft rests on the hill-slopes the light we remember,
The glory of days which so long ago fled,—
When, brown-cheeked and ruddy,
Blithe-hearted and free,
The summons to study
We answered with glee.
Listen, oh! listen once more to the swell
Of the masterful, merry, Academy Bell!

It sounds not in vain over mountain and valley,
That tocsin which gathers the far-scattered clans;
From playtime and leisure fleet-footed they rally,
Brave lads and bright lasses, o'erflowing with plans;
From croquet and cricket,
To blackboard and map,
Is but shooting a wicket;
No fear of mishap.
Oh, hark! how it echoes through dingle and dell,
The jocund, the earnest Academy Bell!

They fly at its call from soft mother caresses;
The boy will not tarry, the girl cannot wait;
So the round head close-clipped and the loose-flowing tresses
Together flash out from the vine-trellised gate;
And the house that was holden,
By revel supreme,
Is wrapped in the golden
Fair peace of a dream.
To sisters and mothers, how silvern the swell
Of the rest-bringing, easeful Academy Bell!

"Dear Old Golden School Days"

Run, Crusaders, run! There's teacher in the door of the little, old red schoolhouse, just a-ringing that bell for all she is worth!

What? The very idea! Just as if any one was ever late, the very first day! I'll wager you have been there any length of time, have your seat all picked out—that one you have wanted the last two seasons, and could not get before—and your books snug in the desk, with all the pencils you could manage to get, sharpened to the last degree of perfection. Who gave teacher that big bunch of blue asters? How many new scholars are there? Is there an organ or a piano?

Is there a Mothers' Club in your district. I guess there is. If not—well, wouldn't you like one? Why don't you form a "Junior Club" and plan ways to raise money towards an instrument? Once make a start, and probably outside contributions will come in to help, and one can be purchased cheap on the installment plan. The club will do you good in many ways, whether you work for an organ or piano, or anything else.

You know Socialists need to have the courage of their convictions, and ability to tell what they believe and why they believe it. You must take every chance to acquire executive ability, boys and girls, and holding office in clubs is an easy first step. If there are no Socialists in school beside yourself, you will need to be tactful, and keep a little in the background just at first. If you can get the most popular boy or girl in the school to start the plan going, why, so much the better.

If you are left out of the offices, don't act jealous, but be as helpful as possible in every way you are asked to be, and look! Listen! Learn! Your turn will come. Perhaps you don't want an office—are timid and self-conscious, fearful of failure and criticism. If you can conquer this and force yourself to work in spite of it, you will in the end be more useful and capable than those who begin with too much self-assurance.

If you study civics, watch for points which teach or illustrate Socialist principles, and object to these being passed over. I have just been glancing over the book on advanced civics used by my daughter who graduated from high school last June, and noting the chapters which have been penciled "skip." There is the one on "The Town: Origin and character of the early New England town," which was a pure democracy; this is contrasted with the Virginia county government, "for a long time a close corporation. * * practically an aristocracy of large landholders." The author makes the whole subject extremely interesting and instructive, and brings out many points essential to a clear understanding of the present condition which has evolved from the two sorts of government. The chapters on national and state finance, public debt, problems of taxation, money (under three heads) and education, are all marked "skip." Let me quote from the first two or three paragraphs of the last named chapter: "The school as a social institution is almost as important as the family. Indeed, the school is simply an extension of the family. Parents, instead of educating their children themselves, place them under the care of teachers to whom they transfer during school hours the parental authority. In all enlightened countries governments have found it wise either to supervise more or less closely or to control the education of youth." (And capitalism is not neglectful of this point. Having control of most or all of the agencies useful in shaping the scope and ideals of the schools, they are mostly, in large cities, mills where is ground out the grist which feeds the "Mills of Mammon.") "So generally is this true that we are justified in calling education a function of government. No just government denies to the parent the right to educate the child in the home, but it is proper to require that the child receive a certain minimum of instruction somewhere. In a democracy the very life of the state is dependent upon the intelligence of the masses. * * * The truth that the safety of a nation is to be sought in the intelligence and virtue of its citizens has been recognized by statesmen at every stage of development of American institutions, although practical measures for the general diffusion of knowledge have often been unduly postponed." **Truly! Yes!** "Nothing is said in the Constitution about education. The States reserved to themselves the management of their schools." How fortunate! For were it otherwise at the present time, how much simpler would be the problem of the money masters of the nation in shaping the schools at their will!

Socialists stand for the freest and broadest ideals of education. It should be compulsory through the grammar and high school or manual training school. By-the-way! Here is a letter I received the other day. It may strike you as comical, at first glance, but it offers food for thought:

Clarkson, Maryland, August 8, 1911.

Dear Madam: I read you in C. S. of 17th. That little Knoxville girl was the first of her kind. Why do you not shed tears over the hundreds who attempt suicide and who actually succeed, who do so as a result of **public school study?** With these omitted I am inclined to think that all you say is not love for the children, but rather love for the fetish of education, which would stop work and supply study. Respectfully, Francis B. Livesay.

What Do You Know About That?

With the above was a prospectus of a monthly magazine to be published by Mr. Livesay, at Washington, D. C., called The Anti-Socialist, with the motto: "Now abideth liberty, equality, fraternity: and the greatest of these is liberty." This meant, of course, as perusal showed, the liberty to be as ignorant, as stupid, as servile, and degraded as we or our parents might elect. "Compulsory education," says Livesay, "is tyranny. It breeds crime, idleness and Socialism."

Well! well! And who is Francis B. Livesay? Lest I should be ignorant, he kindly enclosed a quotation from the **Seattle Patriarch,** running thusly: "There is a man, a philosopher and patriot, who lives in Clarkson, Maryland, by the name of Francis B. Livesay. He has occupied space in a great many of the most prominent and influential papers in America and in England for the last thirty years or more upon this vital question of abnormal education. He is the national tutor upon this matter."

Let us not be worried just yet, lest this "national tutor" succeed in abolishing the public schools. Of course, there is a grain of truth in the chaff he circulates. I am not sure that I could defend compulsory education on logical grounds, under all circumstances, but not being compelled to be strictly logical, I nevertheless favor it at present. And, of course, there are dreadful abuses under our present insane "cramming" system of public school instruction. Socialists, however, do not need to be compelled to go to school, I fancy. We want others compelled, so that they may get sense enough to understand the Socialist philosophy, and be able to carry out our program of industrial ownership and management of the instruments of production and distribution. In short, that we may be "free" to progress to the highest degree of individual liberty compatible with the common good.

I think this "national tutor" is unique. If any of our readers know of another of his sort, let us hear about it. It seems to me that he is capable of doing us much good—but no possible harm whatever—and I am giving him this publicity in this firm persuasion, and to enliven the situation with a touch of humor.

To return to Our Young Crusaders, I want to add just another word of advice. Study up on the Socialist theories and contentions, and when you can get the privilege of choosing the subjects for your essays at school, make use of the opportunity, tactfully, but forcibly. Write on progressive legislation, or any "live" topic which offers an opening for Socialist teaching. There is abundant material at all times. I will be glad to hear of any who try to do this.—Aunt Kathryn.

(Continued from page four.)

it would have been entirely dissipated after hearing his closing address on Sunday afternoon, August 6, on the subject, "Why We Expect Socialism Soon." In this lecture he proves himself a thorough student of Marxian scientific Socialism, making clear to his audience the economic interpretation of history and the class struggle.

Comrade Carr, in my estimation, is doing a work in the church for the Socialist party whose value cannot be estimated. It is evident that we must win the people of the churches, and I know of no one more qualified for that task than Comrade Carr. We each have a place to work, and happy is the man and blessed is his cause when he finds the work to which he is pre-eminently adapted.

Paul H. Castle.

Hold Such Meetings Everywhere

Such meetings as those at Pottsville and

Viola, with lectures on Scientific Socialism and the Bible, with Moyer's glorious Songs of Socialism, can be held almost anywhere, winter or summer. There are hundreds of Socialist preachers who may be had for such work. We herewith submit a list of the names and addresses of the authorized district secretaries and lecturers of the Christian Socialist Fellowship who may be obtained in their respective parts of the United States and Canada

The Arbor Meeting

for such work. Comrades, do not neglect such excellent opportunities.

Rev. G. G. Hamilton, Clyde, Texas.
Rev. Dr. Robert Lee Kirkland, Tampa, Fla.
Rev. J. W. Morgan, Henderson, N. C.
Rev. Albert Ehrgott, 432 East 37th street N., Portland, Ore.
Rev. W. A. Prosser, 4648 Second avenue, Hazelwood, Pittsburg, Pa.
Rev. T. B. Byrnes, 1023 Chestnut street, Erie, Pa.
Rev. Paul G. Miller, Turtle Creek, Pa.
Rev. Paul H. Castle, Carbondale, Ill.
Rev. T. J. Thompson, Palmyra, Ill.
Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, 80 Bible House, New York, N. Y.
Rev. Eliot White, 550 7th avenue, New York, N. Y.
Rev. Geo. Willis Cooke, Wakefield, Mass.
Rev. James L. Smiley, 130 Prince George avenue, Annapolis, Md.
Rev. H. I. Bryant, Cestos, Okla.
Rev. T. W. Woodrow, Hobart, Okla.
Rev. S. P. Benbrook, Lincoln, Neb.
Rev. N. A. Smith, Commerce, Texas.
Rev. Robert Whitaker, Los Gatos, Cal.
Rev. J. F. Trout, El Centro, Cal.
Rev. T. W. Williams, 1307 West Forty-fifth street, Los Angeles, Cal.
Rev. J. W. Wells, 20 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal.
Rev. Oscar McGill, 810 Southern street, Station S. Seattle, Wash.
Rev. A. C. Alexander, Millet, Alta, Canada.
Rt. Rev. F. S. Spalding, Bishop of Utah, Salt Lake City.
Rev. W. A. Ward, 3452 Giles avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.
Mr. Geo. H. Strobell, Kinney, Orchard and Scott streets, Newark, N. J.
Rev. J. G. Evert, Hillsboro, Kas.
Mr. H. F. Thomas, 235 Friendship street, Providence, R. I.

This is only a partial list of ministers we know who would be glad to give lectures on scientific Socialism in the Bible. If we have not named one in your part of the country, and you are really serious in your purpose to have such a meeting, please write for further information as to available speakers, etc.

Americanized Encyclopedia Brittanica, Twentieth Century Edition

With regard to religion, Socialism has been, and still is, very frequently associated with irreligion and atheism. The same remark applies to continental liberalism, and partly for a like reason: the absolute governments of the continent have taken the existing forms of religion into their service and have repressed religious freedom. On religion, as on marriage, Socialism has no special teaching."

Webster's Dictionary

"A theory of society which advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind, than that which has hitherto prevailed."

The International Sunday School Lessons for 1911

By Rev. Wm. A. Prosser, Pastor Hazelwood M. E. Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 24

Daniel in the Lion's Den. Daniel 6.

Golden Text, Ps. 34:7. The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.

We are still in the art gallery. We have examined two masterpieces and are now about to look upon a third. The first picture presented "Daniel and His Companions" in gorgeous array as its central figures. The second showed "Daniel's Companions in the Fiery Furnace" as the commanding objects of attention. In the third, "Daniel in the Lion's Den," stands out prominently and constitutes the glory of the paintings.

In studying these pictures (narratives), it is important to note that we are studying only pictures, truth in parabolic form. The writer of Daniel, particularly in the didactic portions, is dealing, not with the historical real, but an ethical ideal, an ideal of loyalty, to duty under severe adverse pressure and actual peril to personal pleasure and safety. His object is not simply to point out the ideal, but to urge upon his countrymen, in the most passionate and realistic manner, the acceptance and practices of the truth. He desires to illustrate and emphasize certain commands and promises of the Jewish Scriptures and to secure for them an immediate experimental realization. Hence the writer's more or less pronounced carelessness with historical data but his extreme care in setting forth his moral hero and of following him closely through his temptations, trials, calumny, persecution, apparent defeat to a most glorious final triumph. He is not a scientific historian, but an idealist. He concerns himself little with historical accuracy but applies himself with rare skill and power to the exposition of spiritual truth for the comfort and inspiration of his oppressed and pessimistic brethren.

Daniel Condemned

Daniel is a Jewish captive in the land of Babylon. By sheer physical appearance, mental ability and moral character he rose to eminence under the rule of Nebuchadnezzar. Nebuchadnezzar is now dead and his empire has passed from the hands of the Chaldeans to the Medes and Persians. Darius, the first ruler of the new order of things, organized his empire into 120 districts, over each of which he placed a satrap, or governor, and over all these 3 presidents who should be responsible to the king for conditions in the entire kingdom. Daniel was made one of these presidents. He was not only a president but he was the most distinguished of all the presidents and satraps, because an excellent spirit was in him, and more, the king thought seriously of putting him over the whole realm.

This is the point where the trouble started. Daniel, a Jew and slave, had been made the first man in the empire above the natives. This seemed an outrage that should not stand. The presidents and satraps got together, devised a scheme to deceive the king, entrap and condemn Daniel. The scheme worked out to the letter according to the purpose of the perpetrators and Daniel landed in the "Lion's Den."

Ah, me, history or fiction, Daniel is no exception to the common rule. Men and movements, be they never so pure, faithful and useful, native or foreign, bond or free, are sure to make enemies of those whose particular power and profit their success threaten. It is inevitable. We must except it and fortify ourselves against it. "It must needs be that offenses come," said the Christ, even though it is "woe to him by whom they come."

Every social movement in the evolution of humanity, that has had for its end the religious, political and economic betterment of the "under-dog" has been opposed and fought to the last ditch by those who would lose by its success. Moses and his Israelitish slaves were opposed by Pharaoh and his cohorts; Jesus and his fishermen by the Pharisees, Scribes, Sadducees and Herodians; Luther and his followers by the Pope and Charles the V.; Lincoln and the abolitionists by the slave-holders of the South; and Karl Marx and his proletarian army down to this hour, by the plutocrats of the world and their hirelings.

As it was in the day of Daniel so is it always. The enemies search every nook and crevice for material to condemn the movement. They search the books and men, the thoughts and character, for evidence against it. If the least logical inconsistency, the minutest legal irregularity and a hair's-breadth swerving from conventional morals are discovered they are magnified into mountains and the movement held up to ridicule. If these things cannot be discovered then even the virtues—the unyielding obedience to truth and duty—are preyed upon and used against it. But in spite of all these facts it is a good thing for any movement that contends for the mastery of the world to be thoroughly grounded in the truth and to have devotees whose lives are above just reproach. If enemies will talk, as surely they will, then let them demonstrate that their talk is false and malicious.

If nothing substantial against the philosophy of the movement and the character of its membership can be found, then trickery, deception, half-truths and wholesale lies are resorted to to bring it into contempt. They lied about Moses and his movement, about Christ and his movement, about Luther and his movement, about Lincoln and his movement, and about Karl Marx and his movement. The Socialist movement today is as much maligned and falsely accused as early Christianity. There may be traitors, liars and hypocrites in the Socialist movement, as there were in the early Christian movement. It would be strange, perhaps, if there were not. But the bulk of the rank and file of the Socialist movement today is as noble and self-sacrificing a set of men as can be found anywhere. And as for the accusations that **Socialism** teaches atheism, promiscuous marriage, free love, anarchy, dividing up, personal or class hatred and revenge, they are absolutely false. I challenge any man, Socialist or non-Socialist, to prove from the Socialist philosophy that it teaches or leads to philosophical materialism, free love, anarchy, personal or class hatred, or that its ethics are contrary to the ethics of the Man of Nazareth. Socialism stands for the collective ownership and democratic control of all the means of production and distribution; for social ownership of capital and the private ownership of wealth; for the destruction of the principle of profit in production, competition in industry and trade and all class distinctions and class wars in society; for the establishment of universal co-operative commonwealth, the reign of justice and of brotherhood, and believes, that, through the operation of natural and social forces, society will be compelled, for its own perpetuity and happiness, to adopt the principles of Socialism. In a word, **Socialism means the ownership and control of society, by society and for society; government by the consent of the governed. This does not and cannot mean free love, atheism, etc., unless society wants them, which is improbable; nor that any individual, believing in these things, can compel society to adopt his program.** But, on the other hand, it does mean that society then will be its own master and can determine for itself what shall be its social creed and practice and can, and no doubt will, compel individual conformity in all matters of social concern.

Daniel Delivered

Yes, through the machinations of his enemies, Daniel was trapped, condemned and thrown into the lion's den. Even his friend, the